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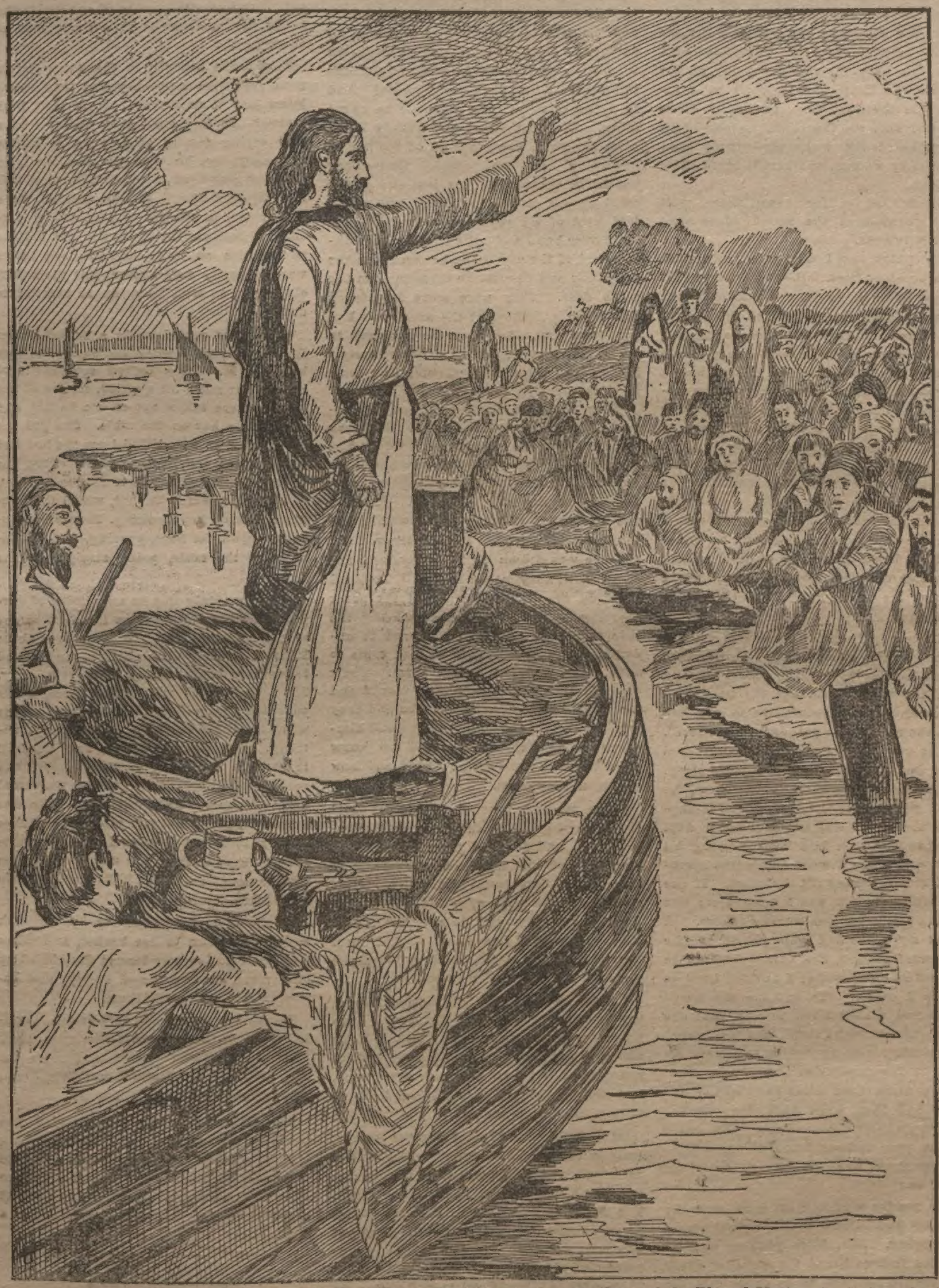

A Parable by the Seaside

The Lord Jesus Christ was very fond of the seaside. He liked the freedom of it; he liked the beauty of it. Many of the most striking incidents of his life occurred in the villages about the coast or on the sea itself. He liked the people, their simplicity, their freedom from the haughty ways of the city, their courage, their devotion. To-day, let us imagine ourselves by the seaside and following the example of the Blessed Master—to sit down by the seaside. 'And he began again to teach by the seaside; and there was gathered unto him a great multitude. So that he entered into a ship and sat in the sea. . . . . And he taught them many things by parables';

that is, told them stories, 'earthly stories with heavenly meaning,' so the little maiden called them. Away behind him the hill rises covered with flowers; here and there a little patch of cultivated land wherein the sower cast his seed. Along the deep blue waters the villages cluster. the white houses standing out sharp and clear. At his feet the waves gently ripple to the shore; on the pebble ridge are all the belongings of the fisherfolks—the boats, the nets, the ropes. Away on the sea are the fishing-boats, their sails reflected in the still water and about them on every side are the birds. Around him are gathered the multitude—sturdy men and comely women, and bright-faced little children.

Now for us, as for them, there wait many parables at the seaside if we have but ears to hear.

Some years ago I was going along the north coast of Cornwall—the grandest bit of coast God ever made, as we Cornish folk think. Below there stretched the cliffs a good three hundred feet—here a rugged mass of stone reared itself like a castle fronting the fierce Atlantic; here was a sheer descent where some masses have fallen and swept down to the waves below; here it was hollowed out into a little grassy spot, where the patches of furze lit it up with gold, and the purple heather and many another flower made it beautiful. Far down below the great waves dashed in thunder and shot up columns of spray. Then the cliff rounded and sank away into a little bay with stretch of beach, where the water changed from indigo to vivid green as the waves swept far up the yellow sands.

A little way from the shore was a group of black rocks about which the breakers foamed and surged. Far away, up and down the coast, stood out the headlands that do shut the helpless ships as in a trap when the north-west gales sweep the coast. Here it was that we sat together my good friend and I, whilst he told me his story. 'You see that group of rocks out there,' he began, pointing to the spot, 'well, it happened there. It was one November day, a tremendous gale had been blowing all night, and when I went out in the morning I saw a barque off the coast. If the wind held where it was I knew there was nothing for it but her coming ashore. I got on my horse and galloped off to the coastguard station, and they got ready to come off at once, whilst I hurried back as fast as I could. To and fro she drove nearer and nearer, until we saw that she would come in right there. The coastguard got out the rocket-apparatus and made all ready to fire as soon as she struck. Presidently a great sea lifted her right on the rocks, and then went back, leaving her perched up there high and dry. You could see the poor fellows huddled together,—frightened out of their wits, as well they might be.

'The mortar was fired at once, and the first shot just carried the rope right across the rigging. But, bless you; as soon as ever the fellows heard the gun fire every man rushed as hard as he could into the forecastle and shut the door. They all thought we were a set of savages trying to kill them, and that we might take the ship and the cargo. It was a sight to see. There was the rope hanging over them; and every one of us ready to risk his life to help them, and they thinking that we wanted to kill them.

'Well, presently the sea began to boil again, and the great waves came sweeping about her. I knew that she couldn't stand that very long. What could we do? It was enough to make a man go mad—to see the rope dangling within their reach, and the great sea ready to sweep them all away; and they all trembling down in the forecastle, cursing us for a set of Cornish wreckers. What more could we do? And in a few minutes they must all be swept away. We just stood and looked down upon the ship, every one of us feeling as miserable as we could, that they should be such fools. At last one of the coast guards could stand it no longer. He laid hold of the rope and swung himself hand over hand and got on board, and taking hold of the directions he ran up to the forecastle and shouted to them to open the cabin door. They were more frightened than ever, and thought the murderers had got them now. Somehow he managed to get the door open, and then flung himself in amongst them all. "There, I've come to save you," he cried.

'They clustered about him, and one began to explain to the others what he meant. Then one crept up on the deck and looked at the rope, and then saw the large crowd on the cliff, and the coastguardsman got him to step into the buoy. Timidly, one after another crept up to watch, and they jabbered together in their lingo. Then another was drawn up in safety, and another, until they were all safe. They all stood on the cliff and watched the great seas rise up again and come tearing the ship to pieces. Then they seemed to understand it all, how that we had come to save them, and not to kill them. Their eyes filled with tears, and they turned and flung their arms about our necks and they laughed and cried and hugged us and kissed us on both cheeks, and did not know what to do to show us how glad and how thankful they were.

'Then we took them to the farmhouses around, and got them dry things and plenty to eat, and found a place for them to sleep in, and took all the care we could of them until they could get away. They tried to tell us with eyes and fingers and lips what they wanted to say, but all we could make out of it was this, that at "first they took us for devils, but they found out that all the time we were angels."'

I went on my way and turned inland, and toward my home. But the story I have never forgotten, and never shall. Fools and madmen indeed! And I have seen in my dreams the rope dangling over them, and the frightened men hiding terrified from their deliverers.

So is it that the blessed Saviour stands, looking forth upon the world which he has redeemed, and across which he has thrown the rope of mercy binding earth to heaven. The direction is so plain; the deliverance so easy, salvation within reach. And yet how many foolish souls do hide themselves, afraid of the All-gracious Lord, as if he came to kill and not to make alive. So men go sinking down into perdition whilst Christ stands with tearful eyes, and hands outstretched to save them. 'Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life.'—'British Workman.'

A Cat's Mother-Love.

(Dallas L. Sharp, in 'Youth's Companion.')

Just as wonderful as the adoption of Romulus and Remus by the wolf in the Roman story, is that of two baby gray squirrels by Calico, my neighbor's three-colored cat. She has eaten scores of squirrels, and hence our amazement at her adoption of these two.

They were brought to the house before their eyes were open—so young that no one knew how to feed them. Must they both starve? It happened that Calico had a new spring family of kittens, so young that they, too, had not yet seen daylight. As there was always an abundance of Calico's kittens about, it was decided, as a last resort, to rob her of two, and if possible, substitute the squirrels. The kittens were twice as large, and Calico's tastes were perfectly well known; but the squirrels might as well be eaten as starved to death.

Calico was curled up in a basket under the kitchen table when the squirrels were brought in. She looked concerned, of course, but not a bit worried, as two of her kittens were taken out of the basket and placed in a hat on the table. She did not see when they were lifted from the hat and the squirrels put in their place. Soon she missed them and began to fret and fidget, looking up towards the hat, which the hungry squirrels kept rocking. Then she leaped out upon the floor, purring, and bounded upon the table, going straight to the hat.

There certainly was an expression of surprise and mystification on her face as she saw the change that had come over those kittens. They had shrunk, and faded from three bright colors to a pale gray. She looked again and sniffed them. Their odor had changed, too. She turned to the watchers about the table, but they said nothing. She was undecided, half inclined to go back to the basket, when one of the squirrels whimpered—a genuine universal baby whimper. That settled it. She was a mother, and whatever else these things were, they were babies, and that was quite enough, especially as she was needing just this number here in the hat to make whole her broken family.

So she took them tenderly by the neck and leaped down to her basket, and when they were both safely landed she curled up once more, contented and happy, and began to feed and wash them.

To-day they are sleek, full-grown, romping fellows that torment her with their pranks. She cannot understand them, for they will not eat squirrel, nor do a dozen things that kittens ought to do.

Yet Calico has more patience with the squirrels than with her own children. Long after the kittens were boxed on the ears and sent off about their business, Calico allowed these squirrels to tag her about and plague her without giving them a slap.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Transformation of Cousin Rebecca

(Hope Daring, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Outside the north wind shook the giant maples by the gate and drove the sleet against the windows of the farmhouse. Within the pleasant sitting-room the Lees, father, mother and four children, were gathered round the big centre table. Clinton, the oldest son, had just brought the mail from the country post-office a mile distant, and they were all reading.

Mrs. Lee glanced up from an open letter, a grave look upon her serene face.

'Please, all listen to this letter.'

Mr. Lee dropped his paper. Huldah, the nineteen-year-old daughter, laid down her own letter. The boys, ranging in age from seventeen to thirteen, looked up from papers and magazines. Mrs. Lee read:

'Smithfield, Jan. 3, 1897.

'Dear Cousin:—I have been sick again, and the doctor says I must leave the factory or die. I am coming to stay with you. Will get there on the afternoon train of the ninth. I will be well enough to do work to pay for my board. Yours,

'Rebecca Davis.'

There was a moment's silence. Consternation was written on each face. Clinton was the first to speak.

'The ninth. That will be the day after to-morrow. Will there be time enough, mother, to write and tell Cousin Rebecca we don't want her?'

'My son!'

'We do not,' Clinton said, doggedly, 'and a person who invites herself should not mind being told so.'

The other boys nodded approval, and Clinton went on:

It's just this way, mother. Cousin Rebecca is the crossest, crankiest old maid in existence. She scolds when she is here as no one else on earth would dare to. Our home life will be spoiled by her coming. You know winter is our best time, for then we do not have to have hired men or a hired girl, and we have a good time together.'

'Cousin Rebecca is forty-five, two years older than I am,' Mrs. Lee began gently. 'She has never married, because she cared for her infirm and crippled father all through the years of her girlhood and early womanhood. After uncle's death there was little property left and Rebecca went into the factory. She has been there ten years. I am afraid any of us would have grown unlovely in those lonely, dreary years. Now she is in poor health, Charles,' turning to her husband, 'what do you say?'

Mr. Lee was silent a moment. Generous hospitality was the law of that household. Still Clinton was right; their merry, happy home life would be spoiled by the coming of Miss Davis.

'I do not see how we can refuse to let her come,' he said, slowly. 'I know it will be unpleasant, but——'.

'There'll be no more whistling, singing or laughing in the house,' Ralph cried.

'No popping corn or making taffy,' Hubert exclaimed. 'Huldah will not be allowed to read to us, and we might as well all go in mourning.'

'We have not heard a word from you, Huldah,' Mr. Lee said to his daughter. 'What do you say?'

Huldah had picked up her work, a fleecy white shawl she was crocheting for her mother. Her blue eyes were fixed on the needle which went flashing in and out of the mass of snowy wool while she said:

'I wish Cousin Rebecca was like Alice Raymor's Aunt Alice.'

There was a chorus of approval from the boys.

'But she isn't,' Ralph said, 'any more than she is like the little queen mother.'

'Let us imagine she is like Mrs. Raymor, gentle, refined and affectionate. Let us imagine it so intensely that she will believe it herself.'

'What do you mean?' the boys demanded.

'Better put up your work and tell us all about it,' said Mr. Lee.

Huldah shook her head. 'I can tell it better if I do not see you looking at me, so I'll keep my eyes on my work. When mother was talking I thought of what a sad life Cousin Rebecca's had been. I read the other day that there was latent good in every one, only in some cases it had not been wakened into life. I am sure there is in Cousin Rebecca's nature something which might have grown up into a sweet, gracious womanhood. You know, boys, how easy it has always been for us to imagine things. There is our trip through England, for an example. Let us imagine Cousin Rebecca is the dearest kind of woman and treat her accordingly.'

'What for?' practical Ralph demanded.

The pink on Huldah's cheeks deepened. 'Hoping she will come to be what we imagine. Mother, I am sure you see what I mean.'

'Yes, dearest, and it is a beautiful thought. Poor Rebecca's life is narrow, her thoughts are all of self, and it is our thoughts that shape our outer life.'

When Huldah spoke her voice trembled a little.

'Let us try it, boys. Let us look for the good that is hidden in Cousin Rebecca's nature—look and believe that we see it.'

'It is beautiful, and like you,' Clinton said, slowly, 'but, sister, it is impracticable. Cousin Rebecca will not show the good.'

'We must see it, even through the cloak of her unpleasantness.'

'Have you any definite plan of action in mind?'

It was the mother who asked the question. Her tone was non-committal, but Huldah dropped the fleecy wool and smiled trustingly over at her mother.

'I've left that for you all to help me with. We'll make her room cozy and bright. We will study her tastes. When she does anything—even a little thing—that we can praise, we will do it. We will assume that she is interested in our pet projects. I will coax her to let me do her hair. Why, I can almost see the improvement there will be in her appearance.'

'We'll admire her taste when she says, "Boys are the plague of the earth,"' Ralph said, teasingly. 'When she scolds we—'

His mother laid one hand upon his arm. 'I like Huldah's way best—seeing the good. Her plan makes me think of the words of St. Paul, "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds." I believe we will try to transform Cousin Rebecca.'

There was a faint murmur of assent.

'Let us plan over a pan of apples,' Clinton said, rising. 'I will bring them from the cellar. By the way, I remember how well Cousin Rebecca liked apples.'

All details were settled before the family separated for the night. The boys all went upstairs, but Huldah lingered for a moment.

'How did you chance to think if it, dear?' Mrs. Lee asked.

'It was the boys, mother. I could not bear to think of their winter being spoiled and their hearts hardened. Life must hold only the best things for our boys. I am sure Cousin Rebecca will justify our new-born faith in her.'

Mrs. Lee took her daughter's round face between her hands, and bent to kiss the scarlet lips. 'You are right, sweetheart. It will all come out for the best.'

Two busy days followed. The interest of all waxed stronger as the time for the guest's arrival drew nearer.

It was Clinton who met the train. His horse was groomed until his black coat glistened in the fitful sunlight, and the boy was dressed in his best. He advanced, one hand lifting his hat, while the other was cordially extended.

'Welcome to Maple Farm, Cousin Rebecca! I am glad to see you. Give me your check, and I will see to sending your trunk out.'

Rebecca Davis gasped. This was not the welcome she had expected, not from Clinton. She was proud, and only grim necessity had compelled her to intrude herself, uninvited upon the Lees. Toleration was all that she felt she had a right to expect.

Surprise silenced her for a few minutes. They were seated in the carriage, and Rollo had started on a brisk trot, when she exclaimed:

'What does ail that horse? I don't see why your father didn't come; he knows I don't trust a boy's driving.'

'I wanted to come, because I was in a hurry for you to see Rollo. He is mine, Cousin Rebecca. Father gave him to me for a birthday gift. I knew you would think it fine.'

'Eh! How muddy it is! Why didn't you drive the farm waggon instead of splashing this carriage all up!'

'We don't meet a guest like you with a farm waggon. There are plenty of boys at Maple Farm, and washing buggies is good exercise for them. They are ready to do anything for you.'

Clinton had the most of the conversation to himself during the ride. He was conscious of a little thrill of pride at the ability with which he played his part.

The gray shadows of evening were gathering when they drove up to the farmhouse door. Miss Davis was hurried into the brightly-lighted sitting room by Mrs. Lee and her daughter.

'This chair,' Huldah said, gayly. 'I remember you do not like a rocker. Now you've ten minutes to chat with mother while I attend to supper. Chicken, Cousin Rebecca, and baked as you like it.'

She flitted away. Miss Davis looked at her hostess, a dull red flushing her sallow cheek.

'I don't know what you thought of my

coming this way, Ella. I couldn't afford to board, and—well, folks can't die just because there's no place for them in this big, crowding world.'

Mrs. Lee put both arms round her cousin. 'There is a place for you here, dear. My boys are planning to make your visit a pleasant one.'

Again Miss Davis gasped. What did it mean? Ella knew she detested boys. Just then Mr. Lee entered.

'It seems good to see you two women sitting together,' he said, as he shook hands. 'Ella is planning to live over her girlhood again. Rebecca, we will show you that farm life, even in the winter, has a sunny side.

Miss Davis ate her supper in silence. Speech was not needed, for the Lees all talked, and the conversation was of the good times they were planning to enjoy with their guest.

It was not until she was alone in her room that Rebecca tried to solve the problem. She looked round. The room was warmed from the furnace and tastefully furnished. On a little stand was a thrifty geranium, loaded with buds and great trusses of scarlet blossoms. Had Huldah remembered her liking for red flowers?

'I don't understand,' and, walking to the window, she gazed out into the night. 'It is not alone that they are polite and kind. There is something else.'

She pressed her face against the cold glass and peered into the darkness. 'It's just this way. They treat me as if I was a person whom they might be glad to have visit them. I know I'm ugly, but—well, it's pleasant to be treated so.'

The next morning, however, she roused herself. 'I must be natural,' she murmured while making her toilet. 'I must show them their mistake.'

It was easier said than done.

At breakfast her tastes were remembered. Mrs. Lee would persist in laughing over old times. Huldah asked the guest to help her select the shades of embroidery silk for her new carnation centrepiece in such a way that there was nothing to do but to comply with the request and enjoy doing so. Clinton asked the privilege of taking his mother and cousin for a drive. They went, and when they returned Miss Davis found that Hubert had brought a spray of bitter-sweet from the woods for her, while Ralph hastened to bring her a plate of apples he had polished.

Miss Davis was honest. She tried to be her own carping, unpleasant self. It was useless. The entire family expected her to be gracious and gentle. They took it for granted that she would be pleased with them and their efforts to entertain her. They saw only the good in her, passing over her cross words as if they failed to understand them.

It was a losing battle that she waged. Little by little she yielded to the demands made upon her. Gradually the gracious, agreeable woman whom Huldah had 'imagined' came to be a reality.

No one knew just how it came about. The Lees found it easier, day by day, to see Cousin Rebecca's good qualities. She came to be a friend and companion. The boys were no longer 'a bother.' Instead, she grew fond of them, and delighted in contributing to their happiness.

One evening in April they were again seated around the table, enjoying the mail. Miss Davis sighed so profoundly over the letter she was reading that they all looked up.

'From the business manager of the factory. He says I can have my old place back in two weeks.'

'Will you go?' Hubert asked. 'I hope not.'

'Thank you, Hubert. I think I must go. I am much better now and feel that I ought to be at work. I have so enjoyed my stay here; it has been the best part of my life.'

'Why, we won't know what to do without you, Cousin Rebecca!' Clinton cried. 'I don't know who will go riding with me or mend my mittens or listen to the stories of what I am going to do.'

Cousin Rebecca smiled, albeit her lips quivered. How had it come about that this outspoken, fun-loving Clinton had become her favorite?

Huldah looked proudly over at the little spinster. She was transformed, not only her inner self, but there was a change visible to the eye. Cousin Rebecca's dark hair was waved and arranged in a becoming manner. A pretty red stock collar brightened her black dress, and there was the gleam of the rings which had been her mother's on her hands.

It was Mrs. Lee who spoke. 'Charles and I were talking of this last night. Stay with us, Rebecca. We will pay you the two and a half dollars a week we always pay a girl in the summer. That is more than you save in the city, and the work is no harder. Stay and be one of us, as you are now.'

Tears prevented Miss Davis from replying for a time. At last she managed to say: 'I will be so glad to stay. Somehow your goodness has changed me.'

Huldah nodded her brown head. They had succeeded; Cousin Rebecca was transformed.

'The Secret of Long Life.'

Mr. T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., the father of English painters, says: 'Now, in my ninety-sixth year, I can paint four or five hours a day, and walk slowly a mile daily in fine weather, or take a carriage drive if not fine. I rise at seven o'clock, go into my study, set my palette, take my breakfast at eight, then my Bible, then I paint till twelve-thirty. Then lunch and Bible, and paint till three o'clock. This is my day's work, and then I take my walk, write letters, and dine at six o'clock. I take no wine. I generally sleep well, and am not much troubled with illness. Of course, I have the infirmities of old age, but now enjoy the cheerful effects of a temperate life.'

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How Shag Won His Medal

(Caroline K. Herrick, in 'Wellspring.')

'Momsey! O Momsey!' shouted Neil, bounding up three stairs at a time.

'Neil, dear, please remember that I do not like to be shouted at,' said Mrs. Herkomer.

'Beg pardon, momsey,' and Neil dropped his voice to a loud, hoarse whisper—very like the sound of the sea breeze that was growling in the chimney. 'Perhaps I'm getting a habit of talking loud because—you see—Uncle Dan's growing so deaf that I have to shout to make him hear. What I wanted to say is that—if Rob comes over this afternoon—I wish you'd tell him I can't play golf to-morrow. I'm going shooting—early.'

'O Neil! Going out before light? I thought you were not going to do that again this fall,' said his mother.

'I did think I'd stop for this year; but—just think, momsey, I may get some black duck!' This was said with the air of presenting a perfectly convincing argument. 'Uncle Dan says he saw a flight of black duck over the Big Pond yesterday. I haven't had a real chance at black duck this reason. They're such crafty old birds! It seems as if they must know the game laws, they manage so to keep out of the way. So—you see, I must go, just this once more.'

'Well, if you must go, bring me your shooting jacket, that I may mend it. You wore it last with one sleeve ripped half out of the armhole.'

'Will when I come in to lunch do?' asked Neil.

'You're so forgetful, Neil. You'd better get it now.'

'I'll be sure to remember this time. Good-by, momsey, dear,' and he was away down the stairs in long leaps.

Neil went to bed early that evening in anticipation of his early rising. About nine o'clock his mother remembered the torn coat.

'I could not get it now,' she thought, 'without waking him. He ought not to be disturbed.' So the coat was not mended.

The house was silent and dark when Neil Herkomer stole down the stairs and groped his way to the pantry, where Rose—the good-natured maid—had set a cold breakfast and a parcel of luncheon to be eaten at the regular breakfast time. Having hastily eaten, Neil crept noiselessly out of the house. Presently the silence was broken by a loud cackling and quacking in the fowl yard and a chorus of dismal howls from the dogs, of which the most pitiful was in the voice of Shag, Neil's big English setter, who knew that his master must be going shooting, and was deeply grieved at being left behind.

The cackling ceased, the howls died down in wistful whining, and a queer figure wheeled out from the Herkomer place and turned into the road that led to the meadows and the seashore. It was Neil on his bicycle, so loaded that it was a wonder how he kept his balance. Over his right shoulder hung a bag of large dimensions and lumpy appearance; the lumps were wooden decoy ducks. Over the left shoulder, another bag, not so full, of which the load constantly shifted from side to side. It was two live black ducks that had been reared in captivity and were now

used as decoys for their wild relatives, who were too cunning to be deceived by lifeless wooden decoys. Under his left arm hung his game bag, empty now save for his luncheon, and under his right elbow projected a pocket swollen with ammunition. Across the handle bars he held his gun, like the balancing pole of a tight-rope walker. To manage such a load on a country road and in the dark required skilful riding, but Neil had done it more than once before and had no fear.

'I wonder if Uncle Dan will be awake,' Neil thought; then, slapping his breast pocket, 'never mind; I have the key.'

Now, 'Uncle Dan,' Neil's oracle on all points relating to the sea and the beach, was no uncle to the boy, but an old 'bay man' who lived in a little cottage on the beach, where he fished, gathered clams, and took out fishing parties. Neil had won his heart by the deference with which he listened to advice on the subject of sailing a boat, an art in which, under Uncle Dan's instructions, he had become so proficient that the old man proudly declared: 'There isn't a boy on the bay that's the beat of Neil Herkomer at sailin' a cat-boat!'

Another source of pride to Uncle Dan was Neil's marksmanship. His father—having satisfied himself that his son was a careful boy who could be trusted not to shoot his dog, his companions, or himself—had given him a gun. The precious gift was carried over to the beach for Uncle Dan's inspection, and a target set up on the sand, on which Neil tested his gun and his skill. When Uncle Dan related the incident that evening, he exclaimed, slapping his knee emphatically:—

'The little feller shoots like a perfessional!'

The old man had given the boy a key to his door, telling him to 'make free of the shanty at any hour of the day or the night,' permission which Neil had availed himself of by leaving his bicycle at the cottage in the gray dawn of many an autumn morning.

The eastern sky was growing rosy as he jumped off his wheel and quietly fitted his key in the lock of the cottage door. As he entered, a rumbling sound proceeding from the farthest corner showed that his entrance had not disturbed Uncle Dan. Neil tiptoed over to the corner where the fresh-water bucket stood and found the surface covered with a thin skin of ice.

'Poor old fellow!' he said; 'it will be awfully cold getting up here.'

Breaking the ice, he filled the kettle that stood on the back of the stove, in which last night's fire was faintly smouldering, raked the embers into a flickering blaze, put on some fuel, and set the kettle over. Then, placing his wheel in a corner, he slipped out and locked the door behind him.

There was light enough now for him to find the track across the meadows to the Big Pond, where he had made a shelter by drawing down and tying together the tops of two cedar bushes and filling in the space between with boughs. When he had settled himself in this shelter, his gun across his knees, he heard the unwelcome sound of some one moving through the sedge. Neil sat very still, hoping the intruder would pass by without seeing his 'blind.' But the intruder was not to be escaped in that way. He had come to find Neil, and knew—at once—that he had found him. With a yelp of delight, Shag bounded to his master's side.

The pleasure was all on the dog's part. Neil feared that his morning's sport was spoiled by this addition to the party.

'Go home, Shag,' he commanded, in a smothered voice, for a flight of ducks was working nearer to the pond, and he feared to startle them by any sound. But Shag had no intention of turning back after having struggled hard to break his chain and followed his master's trail for miles over road and meadow; so he only lay down whining beside Neil, licking his hands and nosing the gun, which to him, meant the pleasure of a tramp at his master's heels. Neil saw that it was useless to try to make him go away, so he commanded again, 'Down, charge!' and the well-trained dog laid his big head on his heavy paws and remained motionless.

'You're no use here,' said Neil, 'so keep quiet.'

The sun was almost at the horizon now. Neil could see its light on the white breasts of the birds that were circling high in the sky, too far for a shot. But as they dropped lower and their dark forms were sharply defined against the light of the east, he recognized the peculiar flight of the black duck, the game he prized most highly. Eagerly he watched until the birds, attracted by the cries of his live decoys, approached nearer and nearer; then—just before they drooped below the horizon line, he raised his gun and fired.

'What's the matter, Shag? Go, find,' urged Neil; but the dog would only lift one foot, then another on the same spot, whining as if in fear.

'Get out of the way, stupid!' cried Neil, in vexation; 'if you'll not get it, I must,' and he pushed through the sedge, out upon the sand beyond. He was just reaching out to grasp the duck when he felt that his feet were sinking in the sand so deeply that he could not take another step, and realized—with a chill of horror—that he was in the quicksand. The glistening, wet surface, the border of sickly-pale grass—he knew it well, but, absorbed in the pursuit of his game, had not noticed it.

The sand seemed to clutch his feet, then his ankles, as if with a strong hand. If he succeeded in lifting one foot, it was only to make the other sink more rapidly, and no foothold was to be found for the one he had freed.

Almost within reach of his hand was a board, a bit of drift left there by the tide. If he could get this, it would be something solid to rest his hands upon while he drew his feet out. He reached for it—and almost lost his balance. That would not do. What next? Removing his game bag, he held it by one corner and tried to throw the strap over one end of the board, to draw it nearer. It caught, and he pulled—cautiously. It slid a little way; then the strap slipped from its hold.

It was just here that Shag proved his use. He understood that his master wanted that plank. Carefully testing the firmness of the ground at every step, he crept toward it, seized one end in his teeth, and dragged it toward Neil. No coaxing could induce him to take a step on the yielding sand, but he had got the plank into such a position that Neil could reach its farther end; seizing that, he called. 'Drop it!'

As Shag let go, Neil drew the board toward him, resting his hands upon it and trying to drag his feet free. But that end of the board on which he rested began to sink, while the farther end rose in the air.

'You can help here, Shag,' said the boy. 'Come here, Shag; come,' encouraging the dog to step on the plank. Shag tried to come, but beginning to sink, he shrank back terrified. Again Neil called, patting the board, 'Come, come here.' At last the dog took a step on the solid surface, and the plank lay flat.

'Oh, if he would only keep still!' thought Neil, for Shag was prancing about and whining in his distress, well knowing that his dear master was in trouble. Watching the minute when both the dog's fore-feet were firmly planted on the board, Neil cried, sharply, 'Down, charge!' and down dropped the obedient creature. This was very well; but not all that was needed; for Shag was but half on the plank and would not balance Neil's whole weight. So, with much difficulty, he coaxed the dog to approach nearer, crawling along the plank until, at last, he was entirely upon it and held it firmly down, while Neil, grasping its edges, was able to draw first his feet partly out of the sand and rest both knees on it.

But the struggle had been so long that his strength was almost exhausted, and the sand sucked his feet down with a power he could not resist. Feeling that he was slipping back, he made a forward plunge that brought his head right against the dog's shoulder, while Shag bravely held his position at his master's command. The voice of the boy was growing so weak that the dog could hardly understand its tone of authority; but he did understand that Neil needed help. As Neil's head dropped on his furry neck, he closed his strong jaws on the boy's shoulder, and slowly raised himself into a sitting position, then began cautiously backing off the plank.

Neil had no more strength to help himself. He felt that everything depended on Shag, and his sleeve—that sleeve that was already half out of the armhole.

Then he thought he was trying to get out of bed to go shooting, and could not, because the blankets had got over his face and were smothering him. He tried to push them off, and his hand met with something cold and wet that made him open his eyes with a start, to find Shag's nose in his hand.

When Shag saw his master's eyes open, he returned to the vigorous licking of his face which had suggested warm blankets, and Neil feebly ordered him to 'Get out,' whereupon the dog buried his rough head in the breast of the boy's coat and whined for joy.

Neil sat up and looked about him. He was lying in the sedge, just beyond the margin of the quicksand. The plank that had been his bridge between life and death had almost disappeared in the trap from which it had lifted him; only a little of one end was to be seen above the glistening sand. Shag stood with one paw lifted, ears pricked up, and head tilted to one side, gazing wistfully into his master's face. Neil put his arms round the faithful creature's neck and laid his cheek against the dog's.

'Shag, you're a dandy,' he said. 'I'm glad you broke your chain.'

Uncle Dan was finishing a late breakfast when Neil walked into the cottage. Seeing the boy's pale face and weak condition, he exclaimed:—

'Why, lad, what's got ye? Ye ain't shot yerself, have ye?'

When the tale was told, Uncle Dan seemed to find his voice with difficulty; he took Shag's head between his hands and, looking straight into the gentle brown eyes, said:—

'Shag, you're a good feller, Shag! You'd orter have a medal from the Life Savin' Service, you ought!'

When Mr. Herkomer returned from the city that afternoon, Neil followed him to his room, ashamed to have to confess how he had run into a danger of which he had been repeatedly warned by his father. As he told of his adventure, the father's face grew rigid.

'What's the matter, daddy? Don't you feel well? Would you rather I didn't talk to you any more?' he asked.

No, no; go on. Tell me everything,' his father replied, and Neil finished the confession of his thoughtlessness and his rescue by Shag, hardly realizing from what a peril he had escaped.

'It's real good of you, daddy, not to scold me. I thought you'd be angry with me for going there,' he said.

'No, no, my son; I'm not angry,' said his father. 'I'm not angry,' he repeated, and, stooping, he kissed the boy.

'I was sure daddy wasn't well,' Neil said to himself as he left the room. 'He's awfully tired.'

At bedtime, when Neil went to bid his father good-night, Mr. Herkomer said:

'I don't think you need anything to remind you not to go near to the quicksand again; but there ought to be something to remind you always how Shag saved your life. I'm thinking of getting him a handsome collar, with a medal something like those they give the men of the Life Saving Service, with his name and the date engraved on it. How should you like that?'

'First-rate,' cried Neil. 'That's just what Uncle Dan proposed.'

So Shag got his medal for 'heroic conduct,' and often, when the dog's head was lying on Mr. Herkomer's knee and he was stroking the long, silky ears, Neil's mother noticed how his fingers sought that medal and caressed it, while the man's eyes and the dog's met in a long look that seemed to mean a mutual recollection of the winning of the medal.

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A Verse That Came True.

(S. G., in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

A wonderful thing had come to the Sunday-schools of the little town of Rockburn. The popular lecturer on Bible lands, whose long list of engagements was filled with names of important cities, had consented to give an evening to them. Some friends of the great man lived in Rockburn, which accounted, in part, for the favor. Yet it had taken much hard work and a combining of all the forces of the six schools in the place to bring it about.

Roy Allison, who had heard the speaker once in a neighboring city, suddenly found himself very important. Over and over again he was called on to describe the strange Eastern scenes, the gorgeous costumes and odd household tools which were used to illustrate the lecture.

Many girls and boys wondered which of them would be chosen to wear the queer clothing and display it to the audience.

It happened that one of those so chosen was Harold Kent's little sister, Lulu. The child was wild with delight, and every fold of her white dress fluttered with her quick, excited motions when Harold left her greeting her teacher and her class and went to join his own.

The schools marched from their different churches through the streets to the town hall. There they were massed together in the main body of seats, and, with the fringe of parents and friends, filled the large room, to overflowing. It is safe to say that nobody went away disappointed that night. From first to last the interest never wavered; and though the lecture lasted through nearly two hours, there was at the close only a general feeling of regret that it had been so short.

'Keep the classes together' was the word passed along the lines at dismission; something more easily said than done, as the teachers soon found out. The schools all marched out in beautiful order to the strains of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' played by the orchestra. Once outside, however, many things broke in upon the orderly ranks. Mothers came to claim their children. People not belonging to the schools crowded in between. The street lights were dim, and it was hard for the teachers to see which of the children were still in their care.

'Where is Lulu Kent?' exclaimed Miss Williams, missing one bright little face.

'Harold came and took her,' replied one of the girls.

Miss Williams drew a breath of relief, and gathered her little flock closer. If trusty Harold had charge of Lulu, there was no need to worry about her. She was glad when she left the last of her charges—two little sisters—at the gate of their home, near the long bridge.

The children were detained a moment getting in, and just as the door opened, they turned, at the sound of voices, and saw Roy Allison and Harold Kent passing. Then it flashed over them that there had been a mistake. They rushed back to the street, shouting after the boys:

'Harold! Harold! Where is Lulu?'

'Why, isn't she with Miss Williams?' exclaimed Harold, stopping short.

'No; we thought you came for her. I was sure I saw you.'

'I did try to, but they ordered me back in the line. They said Lulu was safe with her class. Where can she be?'

'Maybe she had gone home,' said Roy.

'She would never cross the bridge alone. She has never been out alone after dark.'

Harold's voice shook. He was looking at the wide, black water. So easily the little feet might have slipped on the unguarded bank—for Lulu would be frightened, he knew.

'Then let's go back by different ways,' said Roy, 'and search all the streets. If you find her first, leave word at my house.'

Just a moment the boys waited to arrange their routes, and then sped off in opposite directions. It took only a short time for Harold to cover the ground, running all the way. Back again, in the stillness and darkness, a panic of terror overcame him.

'Oh, what shall I do? Where shall I go?' he exclaimed aloud.

Then some words that he had learned came to his memory—'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee.'

'I wonder if he will,' thought Harold. 'Anyway, it says so, and the verse must be true.'

With a silent cry for help, the boy grew calm. Then he saw at once that the right thing to do was to go home and report. Maybe he would find Lulu there, after all.

The bridge was a long, covered one, dark even in daytime. Only Roy and Harold, and Lulu of all their school lived on the other side of it. Harold quickly crossed it, and, in a few minutes, was at his own door.

His mother came to open it. 'Where is Lulu?' was her first question.

'Oh, mamma! Isn't she here?'

Mrs. Kent started and turned pale.

'Here! Don't you know where she is? Harold Kent, have you lost your sister, when I trusted her to you?'

The boy's white face flushed for a moment. But he was too miserable to be at all grieved by an undeserved rebuke. Poor mamma, he could see was frightened, and hardly knew what she said.

Mr. Kent, from his room above, had heard the first words, and now he was with them, and hurrying through the door, Harold sprang after him.

'Shall I come, papa?'

His father nodded, scarcely slackening his pace, and Harold ran to overtake him.

They had nearly reached the middle of the bridge when a slight sound made them stop and listen. They heard it plainly then—quick, light steps coming toward them. A clear, childish voice rang out: 'Is that you, papa?'

'It's Lulu!' exclaimed Harold, and he wondered why his throat ached so, and whether he really was too old to cry. Mr. Kent caught up the child and held her where the faint starlight fell on her face from a slit in the boards above his head that served for a window.

It was not a sobbing, tearful Lulu, as he had feared. There was no trace of terror on the dear little face, which was shining with gladness because she had found her own people at least.

She could not tell them much about it all. Some one had pushed her away from the other girls; and when she could crowd back into her place, they were gone. Then she had tried to find Harold. They could not guess how the boys had missed her.

'But weren't you frightened?' asked her father.

'A little, at first.'

'How ever did you come here?' was Harold's wondering question. 'We looked almost everywhere for you.'

'God brought me, I guess,' she replied, gravely. 'There wasn't anybody else, you know.'

Big girl of eight years though Lulu was, her father carried her all the way home in his arms, and Harold, silent but light-hearted, walked beside them. It was all right now. God had taken care of Lulu; that was sure. And he had helped him in his trouble—just as the verse said that he would.

Willie's Question.

Where do you go when you go to sleep?
That's what I want to know.
There's loads of things I can't find out,
But nothing bothers me so.

Nurse puts me to bed in my little room
And takes away the light;
I cuddle down in the blankets warm
And shut my eyes up tight.

Then off I go to the funniest place,
Where everything seems queer;
Though sometimes it is not funny at all,
Just like the way it is here.

There's mountains made of candy there,
Big fields covered with flowers,
And lovely ponies, and birds and trees,
A hundred times nicer than ours.

Often, dear mamma, I see you there,
And sometimes papa, too;
And last night the baby came back from heaven,
And played like he used to do.

So all of this day I've been trying to think,
O how I wish I could know
Whereabouts that wonderful country is,
Where sleepy little boys go.

—'The Independent.'

Grace before Meat.

One evening in September, 1814, two British men-of-war cruising in the waters of the southern Pacific came unexpectedly upon an unknown island, which proved to be the long-lost Pitcairn Island. After its discovery in 1767 no one had ever been able to find it.

Next morning a canoe with two fine-looking young Polynesians came alongside the vessel. They were at once taken on board and invited to partake of refreshments. Great was the amazement of the sailors when before eating they both arose reverently in their places at the table, and, clasping their hands in an attitude of devout supplication, said in very good English, 'For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful.'

From John Adams, the famous mutineer who had found a refuge on this isolated island, they had learned the story of the gospel. Far more faithful were they to its teachings than multitudes in Christian lands, who daily eat their bread with no word of thanksgiving to the bountiful Provider who giveth all.

Be Sympathetic.

(Mrs. Chapman, in the 'American Mother.')

Let me tell you of an experience I once had. I was with a number of girls whom I knew but slightly, and I felt that they must have a very critical feeling toward me; I 'just knew it,' as we girls say sometimes. So, feeling sure of their attitude, I was very reserved and, I presume, almost cool in my manner toward them. A friend noticed this, and called my attention to it in such a way that I saw how unjust I had been. I decided to change my mental attitude. So I acted as though they were all friends of whose sympathy I could feel sure—and I was perfectly overwhelmed by the result. The very first time I manifested a different attitude toward them, they did toward me, and I discovered that they really were my friends. I saw, then, that I had been keeping them away from me by my own mental state; that I would not let them show their friendliness.

It had never occurred to me before that I might be depriving myself of much pleasant friendship by my own fears of the criticism of others; but the truth of this was borne in upon me later, when my own efforts to be kind were completely frustrated by the attitude of the very one whom I desired to befriend, and who persisted to the last in looking upon me as unkind and unsympathetic.

If you were sure of the loving sympathy and interest of those around you, you could be as much at ease as you are in the midst of your own home circle. Why not believe that you have this love and sympathy? Believe me, people are a great deal more kindly than you sometimes think; and every one responds to a loving smile and sincere interest.

Did it ever occur to you that the person with whom you were struggling to converse might be as hungry for love and for sympathy as you are? I tell you, there are more hungry people in this world than you think for. The very one who seems to you most critical, may be suffering from the greatest loneliness or sorrow. Instead of looking upon the people whom you meet as ogres, waiting for a mistake on your part, to gloat over it, see them, rather, as human beings whose hearts yearn for appreciation, and you will find your timidity leaving you. Your heart will go out to those who long for that which you desire, and you will want to see if you cannot do a little something to relieve their heart hunger. You have something they want and need; will you withhold it then through fear of them or of yourself? How selfish that would be, and how shortsighted! Joy may be given to them, and joy come into your own heart if you will but gladly contribute your mite.

'That's Done.'

What a gratifying thing it is satisfactorily to complete a task—to look at any finished bit of work and be able to say: 'There, that's done!' And the better it is done the greater is one's satisfaction.

There was a washerwoman at my house the other day and I chanced to be passing the laundry-door just as her task was completed. She came out, rolling her sleeves down over her strong, red arms, and, although she looked tired and hot, there was a note of satisfaction in her voice as she said: 'There, that's done!'

'Is it well done?' I asked.

'If I thought it wasn't I'd pitch in and do it over again,' she said, stoutly. But her work was well and faithfully done and she had a right to feel satisfied over it.

There was a dressmaker at my house the same day, and when she had completed the dress-skirt on which she had been working all day, she stood up and held it out at arm's length and said: 'There, that's done!'

'Is it well done?' I asked, laughingly.

'I wouldn't want any pay for it if it were not well done,' she said.

I hired a stout boy of about fifteen years to rake up the dead leaves and rubbish that had accumulated on my grounds while I was away during the summer and early fall. I could see him from my study-window as he worked. He did not work very well. In fact, he dawdled. He would rake listlessly for a few minutes and then lean on the rake-handle, staring about idly. Then he would rake a little longer and finally drop the rake altogether and go and eat some pears from a tree near by. After he had spent three or four hours in this way, my servant-girl came up to my study and said: 'That boy is done, sir.'

When I went downstairs and out into the yard to pay him, he said: 'I'm done, sir,' but there was no note of satisfaction in his voice and he did not look me squarely in the face.

'Have you done it well?' I asked.

'I think so.'

But I did not think so, nor could he truly have thought so, either, for there were leaves in all the fence-corners and around the tree-trunks, while here and there were bits of paper which he had not picked up.

'It is not well done,' I said, frankly, but kindly. 'I am sure that you will feel far more as if you had earned your money if you go over the yard again and do your work properly. Don't you think so? Try it and see.'

An hour later, when I went downstairs again, there was not a leaf or bit of rubbish of any kind to be seen. The boy was hanging the hoe and the rake on the nails on which he had found them. He looked at me smilingly and said: 'There, sir, that's done.'

'And it is well done,' I said, approvingly. 'It pays to do a thing well; now, does it not?'

'Yes, sir.'

I am sure that it does. I am sure of the truth of these words: 'A good deal of the happiness of life comes from the sense of accomplishment. God has mixed a feeling of content with everything finished. Everyone enjoys an accomplishment.

No matter how light or how heavy the task, you will experience this God-given feeling of content if you can say: 'That's done—and well done!'—'The Wellspring.'

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People who Criticize Missions

We see two classes of travellers in the East. One, and unhappily much the larger class, goes around the world to 'see the sights,' and have a good time generally. They do not stop long enough in any country to form an intelligent opinion of the people or their customs. They get their information from boon companions on the steamers and at the ports, who do not speak the language of the people, have little sympathy with anything that is good, and who consequently are always ready to decry missionary work. They see nothing of missionary work for themselves. They get their information at second-hand from persons who evolve it from their own inner consciousness, and then they set themselves up as authorities in everything pertaining to the Chinese, and pose as critics of missions!

I met a specimen of this class when I was returning to China eleven years ago. In the same car in which we were crossing the continent we had as travelling companion an elderly and intelligent man, Judge ——, several young ladies evidently in his charge, and a youth who entertained the company with marvellous accounts of a recent trip to China. He told them all that he had seen in the Far East, and, for their entertainment, a great many more things which he had not seen.

After a while, the judge asked him about Christian missions. He went largely over the stock criticisms of missionaries, and pronounced them first class frauds, and their work an utter and hopeless failure. The judge said emphatically:

'I have been an ardent admirer of foreign missions. I have always given liberally to their support, but I have given the last cent I shall ever contribute to this cause.'

The next morning the judge, the youth, and myself met. I told him how happy I was to meet a man who had been in China, and asked him in what part of China he had been.

'Hong-Kong,' he replied.

'How long?'

'Six weeks.'

'Did you visit Canton?'

'No.'

'Did you call at Shanghai?'

'No.'

'Are you acquainted with any of the missionaries in Hong-Kong?'

'No.'

'Did you see anything of the Basel Mission in that place?'

'No.'

'Heard nothing of their schools and orphanages?'

'No.'

'Ever been to chapel?'

'No.'

'Ever seen the outside of a missionary's house?'

'No.'

'Well, you are a fine fellow to set yourself up as a critic of missions. You have never been to China at all—only to the British colony at Hong-Kong; have never seen a missienary's home or chapel, and yet you pose as an authority on Chinese missions. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.' And to his credit, I think he was; for the young ladies could not get him to say a single word about China from that time until we reached San Francisco. These are the men who knew all about missions.—John R. Hykes.

Victory in Defeat.

Betty Haskins lived on a farm ten miles from the academy. Her three years' course of study had been bought by many sacrifices and by much patient work. Betty had not counted her own toils,—boarding herself, walking home on Friday nights, making one gown do for Sundays and for weekdays, ignoring worn shoes and a hat of forgotten fashion,—and now the end was in sight, and Betty was valedictorian of her class.

It was the Saturday before graduation. Betty's essay was finished and committed to memory. Her white gown was freshly ironed. As she stood on the chapel steps after her last rehearsal she was glad to be alive, and conscious only of that joy—save for one pin-prick of anxiety as to why she had not had her usual note from her mother during the week. But that was lost in the happy surmise that the parents meant to surprise her by a visit to-morrow.

Suddenly she caught sight of her father in a buggy, driving rapidly down the street. She sprang to meet him, quick to see that his face was grave.

'Betty, child, you'll have to come home with me. Three of the children are down with the measles. Mother is ailing herself. The neighbors have been good, but they are worn out, I can see. Mother wants you. Seems as if nobody else would do. The baby—my dear, I'm afraid he's going to die!'

'O father, he mustn't! I'll be ready in five minutes.'

Not a word was said of the relation of this hasty summons to the coming Wednesday and its valedictory.

When Wednesday came, Betty was too busy to think much about the academy. She was grateful that she had had a course of emergency lessons there, and that the doctor said she was as good as a trained nurse. She was fighting for the baby's life.

Three weeks later the baby was getting rosy and plump again. Mother was back at her post, but Betty was tired and restless, and could not sleep very well. She found herself dreaming herself back at the academy and wondering how the chapel looked on commencement day, and finding it hard to see how her disappointment had been right.

One afternoon, however, the principal of the academy knocked at the door of the farmhouse. He had in his hand a blue-tied roll.

'I've come to bring you your diploma, Betty,' he said. 'I thought you would be glad to hear that Kate Fisher read your essay at commencement, and it had more applause than any of the others. The folks seemed to like your being at home with the baby. And, by the way, the trustees want to know if you will come over to the academy to teach English next year. They seem to think that a girl who could write that essay could teach other girls and boys to write. The salary would be ten dollars a week and "found"!'

Betty's face was worth seeing just then. It was a curious coincident, too, that the subject of that same essay had been, 'Victory in Defeat.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Advice on Keeping Positions.

You can hold your position if you fit yourself to its mould, so as to fill every crevice. Be like a cake. At first it is soft, spongy, dough, and is poured into a mould, which it but half fills. As it bakes, it rises, and crowds every dint in the mould. Not contented, it bulges over the top; it makes a cake larger than the mould will hold. So, young man and young woman, be larger than your mould. After you have filled every crease and crevice of your position to advantage, work out at the top. It is the largest cake that brings the most money.

Always keep your promises. Your employer will not ask you to do more than is possible. Remember that an unfulfilled promise is as bad as a downright untruth. Live within your means.—'Calcutta Witness.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Oct. 17, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Mr. Balfour's Sheffield Speech—Summary—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The London Dailies on the Speech—Conservative, Liberal and Non-Party Opinions.
An Interesting State of Affairs—The Cotton Goods Statistics—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve—The 'Spectator,' London.
Macedonia—England's Duty in the Near East—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
An Important Letter from the Prime Minister—English Papers.
A Reply to the Prime Minister—English Papers.
Great Britain's Duty to Macedonia—Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Alabama Single Tax Colony—George Petrie, in the Booklovers Magazine.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Artist's Reward—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Realism in Art—By Bliss Carman, in the 'Literary World,' Boston.
The Moral of the Case—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Is It Another Fabrication? By M H. Spielmann, in the 'Graphic,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Why Should We Praise?—Poem, by Charles Mackay.
Poetry vs. Exhortation—Rudyard Kipling—By C. H. Herford, in the Manchester 'Guardian'; New York 'Evening Post'; 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.'
The Values of Talking—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Macaulay and the Moderns—By Andrew Lang, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
The 'Encyclopaedia Biblica—The 'Westminster Budget.'
TrowBridge's Own Story—By the Rev. John White Chadwick, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Wealth of the Empire—By Sir Robert Giffen, the 'Times,' London.'
New Hope from Radium—By W. E. Garrett Fisher, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
Japanese Paper—By M. Emile Dieudonne, in 'La Science Illustree.'
Hope for the Society of Psychical Research—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.

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Jones' Little Girl.

(By Catharine Young Glen, in the 'Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine.')

'Annie and her mother had had a difference of opinion, and spanking had been mentioned as a probable result. It was all a matter of some few scraps upon the floor. To Annie's mother's mind there were reasons why the scraps should be picked up; while to Annie's and doubtless from her point of view as logical, there were reasons why they should lie where they were. Annie did pick thm up, as spanking is not agreeable to contemplate; but she uttered, rising on her short legs from the task, an awful threat.

'I won't be Annie Lowe,' she said, 'a minute longer! I'll go be Jones' little girl.'

Now, this, as she knew, should have brought any proper-feeling mother straight to terms; but instead of begging her to stay, Mrs. Lowe continued dusting, and said cheerfully: 'Very well, Annie; run along!' Unable to believe it, Annie stood staring, first in sheer surprise then in astonished wrath and grief. She had not in the least intended to carry out the threat, but after that there was only one course left to take.

Without another word she walked upstairs to her little corner in her mother's room and took out her dolls. These, Big-Dolly and Little-Dolly, with Little-Dolly's clothes, and as many of her own as she could find, she packed, with an occasional jolting sob, in a valise. Big-Dolly had only one dress, and that was fastened on—facts which Annie, as she squeezed the satchel to upon her, was for once too much engrossed with other matters to regret. Putting on her best hat, a straw with brown ribbons down behind, and crown scooped out to accommodate a brown silk pompon on the top, she descended with her burden bnmping after her, and walked out through the kitchen, without a glance in the direction of the room beyond, in which her mother was. A little gate in the fence between led from their yard into the Jones'. Opening it, she went through, and reached up from the other side, to hook it fast behind.

Mrs. Jones was sitting on her back stoop, peeling apples for pies, when she looked down and saw Annie, whose tear-wet eyes were trying to regard her with a smile. The small person looked up bravely, realizing that something might depend upon a good impression in this her new start in life.

'I'm not Annie Lowe any longer, Mrs. Jones,' she hastened to explain. 'I've come to be your little girl.'

Mrs. Jones went on with the apple, and Annie thought she caught on her new mother's round good-natured face a suspicion of something like her late mother's smile. But her words belied her looks.

'Well, now,' she said, 'if that isn't nice! I've always thought I'd like to have a little girl. Come right in, Annie, and take off your hat.'

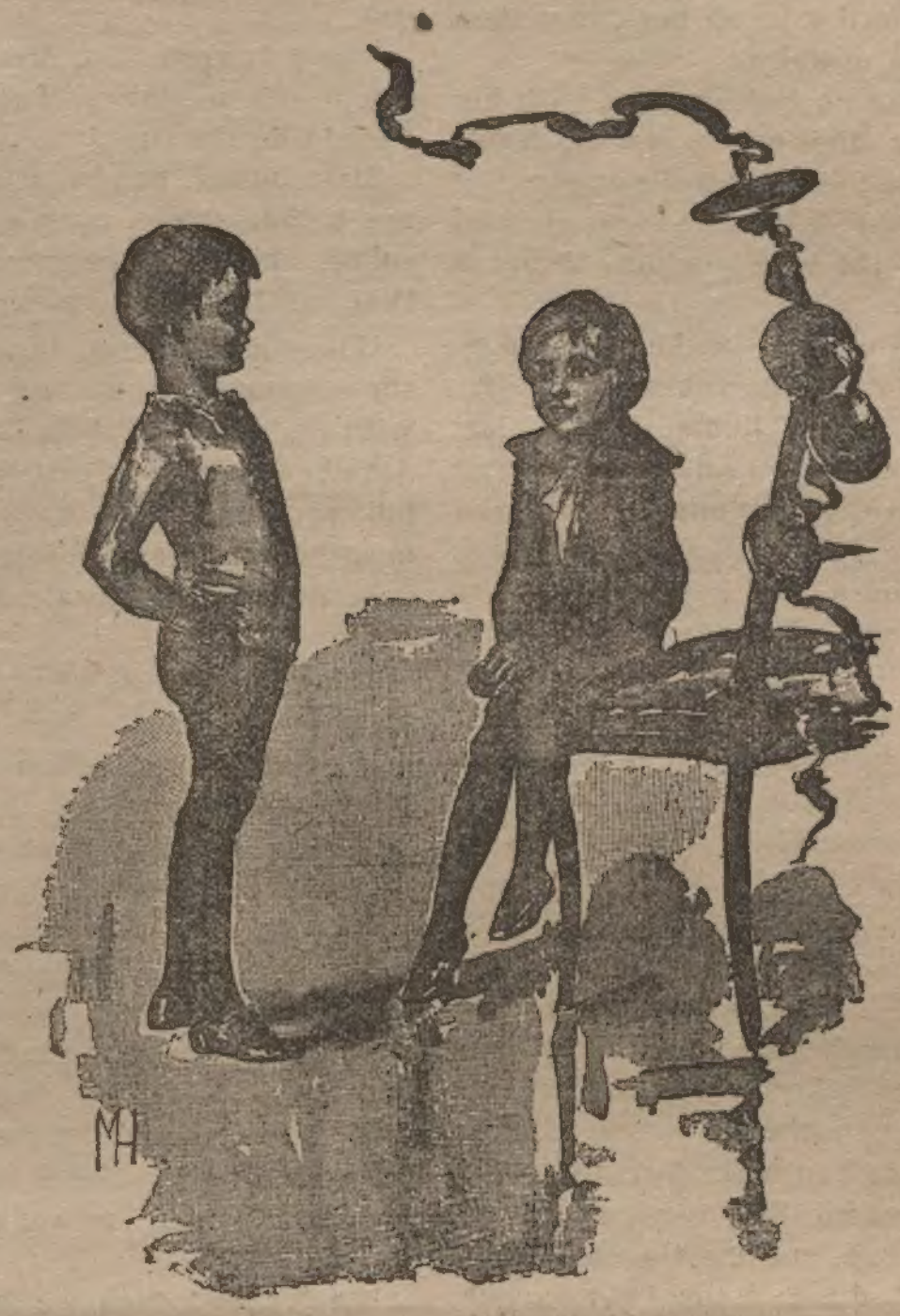
Annie climbed the steps with some difficulty, and when she reached the top set the valise down, for she was warm.

'What all,' Mrs. Jones demanded with a return of the expression which had troubled Annie at first, 'have you in there?' The tone, too, was just the least bit disconcerting.

Annie edged up closer to her bag.

'I have Big-Dolly,' she said, a little timidly, 'and Little-Dolly, and my clothes and Little-Dolly's clothes. I think,' she added, with another very pleasant smile, lest Mrs. Jones should feel that she had brought too much, 'they'll all go in one drawer.'

'Oh, don't you worry over that,' Mrs. Jones answered reassuringly; 'I guess we'll find a place for them. There's a great big empty bedroom up above the porch that's been



Good for Nothing.

(Mary L. Wyatt, in 'Little One's Annual.')

'Just look at these pennies,' said roguish Dan
To his sturdy companion, Roy;
'My mother gives me a penny a day
Whenever I've been a good boy.'

'I wouldn't be paid just for being good,'
Said Roy, with a toss of his head;
'I'd just as soon, and a little rather,
Be good, for nothing,' he said.

waiting for some little girl. You sit down until I finish here, and then we'll go upstairs.'

Sitting on the top step, with her feet on the one below it, Annie watched patiently while apple after apple lost its coat and was chipped up into the blue bowl on the bench nearby.

'Do you ever make sauce-pies, Mrs. Jones?' she ventured finally.

Mrs. Jones flung off the last green curlicue and scraped her knife against the pan.

'Why, I never have,' she said. 'Mr. Jones has never seemed to want them. But now I've got a little girl I suppose I'll have to, won't I? Perhaps,' she added, as though the thought had just occurred to her, 'you'd like to make the sauce-pies yourself? I don't believe I know just how.'

Annie was silent because she found no fitting words. She had deemed it bliss, at home, to roll up little dough balls out of what was left, and bake them brown, on bits of paper on the oven rack. But to be allowed to make a real pie on a real greased dish, to pinch it with her thumb, and lay the curly slats across,had been beyond her dreams! Well, if it were going to be like this!

When she found herself perched on a chair beside the rolling board, after taking off her hat and setting up the dollies in the bedroom that was all her own, like big folks,' she thought emphatically that it was worth while being Jones' little girl. Her eyes shone as she squeezed the dough up through her fingers, and her cheeks glowed beneath the grimy tracks of tears. She floured her head, she floured her dress, she floured her shoes, all of which, as every one should know, is unavoidable in flouring pie-crust; and Mrs. Jones, who clearly proved herself to be a mother who could view things in the proper light, never once said, 'There now—just see!'

When the pies, hers and the larger ones, were in the stove, and she had been washed off, Annie sat in the rocking chair and swung her feet, while Mrs. Jones washed up the rolling board and pins.

The wave of suds mounting about the big bare arms—how often had she yearned in secret for that feeling of her own!—moved her, fresh from achievement, to try if other wonders were in store, and slipping down she edged up to the sink.

'Can't I wash, too, Mrs. Jones?' she hinted helpfully. 'I think that I could do the cups.'

Mrs. Jones' hands, stirring beneath the surface, came up with a splash, and set in the tray the bowl that had held the apples.

'There are no cups, ducky deary,' she responded, scrubbing the bowl with the towel until its blue pagodas shone. 'I'm only doing up the baking-things. You wait and help me when there's something nicer. You don't want to get your pretty fingers wet!'

But that was just what Annie did want very much. The rainbow foam, left to itself when the last dish had been rescued, sank down crackling, melting, as it had done so many times before her longing sight.

'Oh, Mrs. Jones,' she gasped, with a sigh that popped out of itself, 'mayn't I put my hand in there just once?'

Mrs. Jones dried her own hands, untied her apron, tied it round Annie's neck, and tucked up her sleeves.

'Well, then,' she answered, 'muss away—until I get the flour wiped up.'

Annie put in first one arm and than the other, with such contortions of her face as might have indicated pain to any one unversed in the extremes of joy.

'Oo-oo oo!' she ejaculated as she brought up the arms, covered, warm, and dripping with bubbly reefs and shoals. She held them out, watching with devouring eyes until the last small dome glistening on the wet brown skin had broken, and then, with undiminished ardor, plunged them in again, ruffling the foundations of the deep that it might yield more bubbles on the top. Higher and yet higher, in answering abandon, rose the foam, until it would have cast itself, but for Mrs. Jones' intervention, upon her little gingham breast. The smell of pies escaping from the oven, permeated all the air, but even it failed to reach her nose, filled with the intoxicating smell of suds.

While the chops were fried for lunch she stood beside the stove and held the pepperbox, and was allowed to take a dish, a small white dolphin with gilt fins, and get the jumbles from the jumble pot. Each one, crisp and sugared had a gum drop on the top and at lunch she ate as many jumbles as she could and the gumdrops of some she could not eat.

'Do we have these often, Mrs. Jones?' she asked.

(To be continued.)

A Chicken Story.

Once there was a little chicken
And he used to go a-pickin'
All among the biddy hens to get his food.
'Twas a pretty little fellow,
Plump and downy, soft and yellow,
But he never thought that anything was good.

He would bitterly complain
Whenever it did rain,
Or if the grass was very wet with dew.
He didn't like the cold,
And, if the truth be told,
He just found fault with everything that grew.

So the other little chicks
Thought they'd put him in a fix,
And they said: 'We will no longer play with you.
You're so very glum and sour
We have ne'er a happy hour,
When we might be a jolly, happy crew.'

So they left him all alone,
Sitting perched upon a stone,
And they would not speak to him a single word.
But they were very kind
When he did make up his mind,
That he would really be a better bird.

—'Child Garden.'

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Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LESSON VI.—NOV. 8.

David's Grief Over Absalom.

II. Samuel xviii., 24-33.

Golden Text.

A foolish son is a grief to his father. Proverbs xvii., 25.

Home Readings.

Monday, Nov. 2.—II. Sam. xviii., 24-33.
Tuesday, Nov. 3.—II. Sam. xviii., 9-23.
Wednesday, Nov. 4.—II. Sam. xix., 1-15.
Thursday, Nov. 5.—Ps. iii., 1-8.
Friday, Nov. 6.—Ps. iv., 1-8.
Saturday, Nov. 7.—Ps. xlii., 1-11.
Sunday, Nov. 8.—Prov. iv., 14-27.

21.—And David sat between the two gates: and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold a man running alone.

25. And the watchman cried, and told the king. And the king said, If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace and drew near.

26. And the watchman saw another man running: and the watchman called unto the porter, and said, Behold another man running alone. And the king said, He also bringeth tidings.

27. And the watchman said, Me thinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz the son of Zadok. And the king said, He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.

28. And Ahimaaz called, and said unto the king, All is well. And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the king, and said, Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king.

29. And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Ahimaaz answered, When Joab sent the king's servant and me thy servant, I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was.

30. And the king said unto him, Turn aside, and stand here. And he turned aside, and stood still.

31. And, behold, Cushi came; and Cushi said, Tidings, my lord, the king: for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee.

32. And the king said unto Cushi, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushi answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

33. And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

At the close of our last lesson we found Absalom's plans for revolt against his father, the king, ripe for action. From the standpoint of men all the details had been carefully arranged and there was small chance of failure, but Absalom had left out of his calculations the God of right, and his downfall came swiftly. From the portion of Scripture contained in II. Samuel xv., 13-18: 23, we have the history of the unsuccessful rebellion.

There we find how David and those who were faithful to him fled from Jerusalem, how he was insulted, and how they proceeded to Manhanaim, and prepared for the struggle with the usurper. An important feature of the account is that of the defeat of the counsel offered to Absalom by Ahithophel, the shrewd advisor who had forsaken David. His advice to Absalom was to strike the decisive blow at once, while David was weak and had not had time to recover from the surprise of the revolt sufficiently to organize resistance.

But Absalom was reaping the reward of his own wicked rebellion, for he now had counsel offered to him by an agent of David, and so cunningly did Hushai argue that his plea for more time to prepare to crush David was accepted. But during this short period David also got ready for the decisive battle; which took place in the wood of Ephraim. Here Absalom was defeated and slain.

King David had shown a truly kingly character during these trying times. He had been forbearing and lenient, and, when ready for the armed conflict with his own son, gave special orders that Absalom be not harmed. But Joab, one of David's generals, disregarded the command of the king and slew Absalom, who was caught by the low branches of an oak as he rode through the wood. In this lesson we have the account of David's reception of the

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 24-27. 'And David sat between the two gates: and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall,' etc. David had been persuaded to remain in the city where he had temporarily established himself, rather than take part in the battle. His anxiety must have been intense, especially as he had formerly been in the very centre of action at such times, but there he sat and waited at the gate, probably between the inner and outer gate. What thoughts of his own sins and shortcomings, that had brought this trouble upon Israel, must have coursed through his mind as he waited for a messenger to come out of the distance with news that would mean so much for him.

'And the watchman cried, and told the king.' He had discovered a runner, and now there was evidence of immediate tidings. If you will read verses 19-23 of this chapter you will have the account of how these runners started. Soon the watchman discovered the second messenger, and reported him. But the first had now come so close that the watchman recognized him as Ahimaaz, who had passed the man that started first.

'He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.' Alas for David! Ahimaaz had before been to him the bearer of news, carrying then a warning. II. Samuel xvii., 17-22.

28-30. 'All is well.' Ahimaaz indeed brought good news, so far as Israel was concerned. He called to the king, 'All is well.' Then he saluted his ruler and, in uttering a blessing upon God, still further assured David that his enemies had been defeated.

'Is the young man Absalom safe?' David the king was satisfied with the result of the battle, but as yet David the father had not received the word he longed for. Was Absalom safe? We learn from verse 20 of this chapter that Ahimaaz knew perfectly well that Absalom was dead, but he did not want to bear this part of the news to the king. In his effort to conceal the truth he utters a falsehood, saying that he knew not what was the cause of the tumult. He might as well have told the truth, for another brought it in a short time.

31, 32. 'The Lord hath avenged thee this day,' etc. In a moment Cushi came, and he also immediately made known the victory. Immediately David repeats to this runner his anxious question concerning Absalom. Cushi does not evade or deny the truth. 'The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.'

33. 'And the king was much moved,' etc. Grief is most distressing in strong natures. David's lament over the death of his wayward and rebellious son was terrible. This 33rd verse is one of the most pathetic in the whole Bible.

'Would God I had died for thee.' David had confessed his sin and been forgiven, had he died he would have been safe; but how about this wicked son? David seems to have thought that, had Absalom been spared, he too might have been brought to see the error of his way. But now he is dead, and David is left to mourn bitterly his loss.

Many parents have read this account of David's grief with feelings of the deepest sympathy for the royal father, as they have turned in thought to a wandering son or daughter. How much better to prevent by conscientious training in early childhood such an outcome to a life!

Next week we have 'David's Trust in God,' Psalm xxiii.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Nov. 8.—Topic—Great men of the Bible; what Elijah teaches us. II. Kings ii., 1-12; Matt. xi., 14; Jas. v., 17, 18.

Junior C. E. Topic.

BIBLE DELIVERANCES.

Monday, Nov. 2.—Paul's. Acts ix., 23-25.
Tuesday, Nov. 3.—Noah's. Gen. vii., 23.
Wednesday, Nov. 5.—Lot's. Gen. xix., 16
Thursday, Nov. 5.—Elisha's. II. Kings vi., 17.
Friday, Nov. 6.—Daniel's. Dan. vi., 21, 32.
Saturday, Nov. 7.—Israel's. Heb. xi., 29.
Sunday, Nov. 8.—Topic—Lessons of trust from Bible deliverances. Acts v., 18-20; xii., 6-9; xvi., 25, 26.

The Teacher's Blessing.

There is young John P——. He was a Christian, a Christian who was not standing still, and he read a chapter in the Bible every day. One day, while he was measuring off twenty yards of black silk for Mr. Leek to give to his wife for a wedding anniversary present, Mr. Leek suddenly exclaimed: 'You don't come to Sunday-school, John?'

'No,' said John, carelessly, 'I find enough to do on Sunday.'

'No, you don't! There are four boys without a teacher. I want you. They are not especially interesting, but they need to be interested; come next Sunday and I will give them to you.'

John was there; they were not only given to him, he gave himself to them.

'You are pretty busy; how do you get time to study your lesson so much?' inquired a fellow teacher.

'Oh, I study any time, while I am dressing in the morning I take a verse to think over usually. There is time enough if you only catch it.'

At Sunday morning or Saturday evening family worship, when John is asked to lead, he always chooses the Sunday-school lesson, and if you listen to the short, simple, stirring prayer that follows (and you know the lesson yourself) you will see how the spirit of the truth of that lesson has stirred him up.

Since I have been writing this short paper a lady near me remarked: 'It may seem queer to say it, but if I could choose a legacy of five thousand dollars for my brother Henry or the inspiration his two years as superintendent of that country school have been to him I would unhesitatingly choose the Sunday-school. He is another man; he is a wide awake Christian to-day (he was sluggish before), and I confess I was amused as well as greatly touched when he said last night: "I don't see how a man can find time for much other reading if he gets to the bottom of his Sunday-school lesson." And he talks with as much interest about the Pharaohs as he does about Civil Service of Cleveland or Home Rule in Ireland.'

If our classes are not doing a great deal for us, I very much fear that we are not doing a great deal for our classes.—'Westminster Teacher.'

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How the Saloon Sent Papa Home.

(C. L. Hultgren, in the 'New Voice.')

'Won't you promise to come home just as soon as you are through with your work to-night?' Little Mrs. Brown looked up beseechingly into the big, red, expressionless face of her husband.

'This is pay day and we do need some money so badly,' she continued; 'I have only a cold potato to give the girls for lunch to school, and we can't get anything at the store until we have paid what we owe.'

The man addressed looked down at the little woman before him through bleared eyes. 'Do bring your wages this time,' she pleaded. 'Yes,' he answered, apparently animated more by a desire to satisfy her, than by any intention to save his money.

'I almost wish you would swear that you will come right straight home to-night. It won't be very long until I will be strong again, and then I will get back all the customers I had before I became sick; then we will get along so nicely. Just think how well we can do both working together for our household.'

Mr. Brown shambled off toward the railway to begin his day's work, while his wife remained at the door, watching him till he was out of sight. A ray of hope seemed to struggle for the mastery in her sweet, worn face. 'I believe he'll bring the money home to-night,' she mused. 'How long it is since he did.'

She re-entered the house and began the task of dressing the little tot of two and getting the two older girls ready for the school. She gave them their breakfast of potato soup, and when they complained of not having enough, she poured more water into the kettle and filled their bowls again.

'Mamma,' said little Amy, 'what will we have for dinner in school?' 'Here it is all ready, a potato apiece; it is all there is left.' 'But, mamma, they laugh at us because we don't have anything but cold potatoes to eat.' 'Never mind, dearie; you can stop at the store and get some crackers and tell Mr. Jones that papa is going to bring his wages home this evening and then we will pay him.'

'Yes, but mamma, I know he won't; he wouldn't let us have any crackers yesterday, and he said "your drunken father had better pay what he owes before he sends around for more." '

Tears started to the eyes of the brave little woman, but with affected hopefulness in her voice she said:

'Oh, well, never mind, tell him that I am getting able to work again, and will soon have as much as I can do, and then he won't have to wait so long for his money.'

Only half reassured, the girls started out, and with a heavy heart their mother went about doing the little housework that remained. The thought, 'Oh, if he will only bring home a little money,' kept repeating itself in her mind. Then, the thought of what would happen if he did not, seemed to fill her with an unutterable dread, and a feeling of anxiety that would not be thrown off.

She had a little washing to do, and by taking frequent rests she managed to keep her work going. In order to look after and amuse her baby she put this little two-year-old out in the sunlight, where he crowed and tried to catch the sunbeams in his tiny hands.

The day dragged slowly toward its close. The girls had long since returned from school, and brought with them the information that Mr. Jones had given another unkind refusal to their request for more crackers on credit, and that they were so very hungry.

Mrs. Brown comforted them with the trembling assurance that 'papa will soon be home,' and then they would get something to eat.

'You may go to meet him now, if you want to,' she said finally, 'but don't go farther than the gate this side of the railway.'

They went and the poor mother tried to comfort her baby, who finally cried himself to sleep, thus giving his mother the comfort of knowing that in sleep, at least, his hunger was forgotten.

It grew dark, and the girls returned to their home without their father, their faces pinched and tear-stained.

'He will come soon,' said their mother, 'and surely he will bring a little money,' she added, as if despairingly clinging to a last forlorn hope.

'Go to bed and sleep, now, children,' she said, 'and you won't know how hungry you are.'

It was a difficult task to induce them to go to bed, with such a substitute for supper, but after being assured again and again that she would surely wake them up 'as soon as papa comes home,' they went to sleep.

Mrs. Brown walked out into the yard, and looked down the road through the darkness, listening for the slightest sound. After returning to the bedside of her children she went out again. She walked down the road in the direction of the little town.

She hardly knew what course to pursue. Her impulse was to go down to the grog shop, and on finding her husband, try to get what money he might still have, but the memory of former attempts deterred her. She walked back and forth along the road. A feeling of bitterness and rebellion against a power that would allow of such a traffic almost choked her.

From the roadside something between a grunt and a moan attracted her attention, and she almost stumbled over her husband lying in the grass. He had evidently fallen on his way home, and was now lying in a drunken stupor where he fell. She put him in a more comfortable position, and sitting down lifted his head into her lap. The man seemed to be half conscious of her presence for an instant, and then dropped into a deep sleep.

She sat there beneath the stars and looked down on the form before her.

How changed he was. How different everything was! Her thoughts went back to ten years before. How proud she had been of him; how big and noble she had thought him, and with a burst of tears came back the remembrance of that night when, on this very road, he had told her of his love, and assured her of his undying devotion. How happy had they been during that courtship, and in the sweet joys of wedded life!

No shadow seemed to threaten them. His little habit of taking a drink once in a while, she had readily excused.

'He wants some pleasure, and it don't hurt him any,' she had said, and now——

The stars twinkled on above them as she sat there motionless, with the tears streaming down her cheeks and her mind wandering into the past.

Here, on this very road, they had taken many walks in the the starlight and the moonlight in the days when they were so happy.

And they would still be just as happy if it were not for that one thing, the cause of all their misery. And in her mind there seemed to ring like a refrain:

'Cursed be rum, the cause of all our misery.'

She never knew how long she sat there. Dawn began to appear in the east, and she aroused herself from her bitter reflections. She was weary and numb from her cramped position. She stroked a lock of hair from the face on her lap, and a startled scream burst from lips. She was holding the form of her dead husband

Drug Habits.

It is a regrettable fact that nothing is easier to form than bad physical habits, and nothing harder to break than such habits when they have been formed. For this reason the watchful care of young people during the habit-forming period of life should be the duty of parents and guardians.

Among these bad habits may be placed those little tricks of self-medication that are so fatally easy to fall into. There comes, for example, the first attack of acne, an eruption of the skin, to which many young people of both sexes are subject for a year or two. It is, of course, easier to give a trial to some drug than it is to enter upon a self-denying course of exercise and bathing, fresh air, patience, and abstinence from candy. The advertised drug may be harmless, in which case it is likely to do no good. If it has some quickly potent effect, it possesses properties that should leave it to the control of a trained physician who knows something of his patient before he writes a prescription.

Young people, fortunately, are likely to be good sleepers. When for any reason they are not, they are also likely to be far more intolerant of the tedium of wakeful hours than are their more disciplined elders. Here again it is easy to experiment with some one of the many 'quieting' medicines, so highly spoken of, so 'harmless.' A cool sponging off, five minutes' brisk exercise, and a slowly sipped cup of hot milk would be much better, and would prevail eventually, if not the very first night. Many a victim of the morphine habit owes the first impulse to the self-prescribed and quieting doses of some well-disguised, far-distant cousin of that valuable, but much abused and dangerous drug.

It is a well-known fact that alcohol is the basis of many of the so-called tonics, and is to be found in considerable quantities in some of them. Whatever opinion one may hold of alcohol as a medicine, nothing can be said in favor of allowing it to masquerade in unknown quantities and doubtful quality in all sorts of medicines put up for self-doctoring. No more insidious plan for the forming of a bad habit could be devised. We have all heard of the man who was unwilling to wash in the River Jordan because he expected that a miracle would be performed. The Jordan is for all of us the formation of clean, healthy, common-sense habits. Then we shall not need miracles.—'Youth's Companion.'

How It Warms.

If every physician would be as candid and sensible as this one was no patient would recover, after a course of medicine, cursed with an incurable appetite for alcoholic drinks. This physician, instead of prescribing such things, was trying to induce his patient to let them alone—and his argument was direct to the point.

'But, doctor, I must have some kind of stimulant!' cried the invalid, earnestly; 'I am cold, and it warms me.'

'Precisely,' came the doctor's crusty answer. 'See here, this stick is cold'—beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire; 'now it is warm; but is the stick benefited?'

The sick man watched; the wood first sent out little puffs of smoke, and then it burst into flame, and replied, 'Of course not; it is burning itself.'

'And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain.'—'Youth's Companion.'

Autumn Offers.

See the special autumn offers announced in this issue. The boys and girls have the opportunity of securing a premium and at the same time extend the usefulness of the 'Messenger' by circulating it among their friends

Every Man is Some Boy's Hero.

(O. B. Joyful, in 'Ram's Horn.')

Out in the country last summer I had opportunity to make a study of certain boys and men at closer range than is often permitted in the city.

Two city men were stopping in the neighborhood. One was Henry Fisher, a man of enterprising habits, head of a department in a wholesale house, and said to be slated for partnership in his firm. He was spending his vacation with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks, who had a son, Charlie, about twelve years old, and a daughter, Elizabeth, of about nine. Charlie had reached that impressionable period when boys are apt to be worshipping their favorites. He had heard his father and mother speak of his cousin frequently and of the success he was achieving in his work. They had even held him up as an example of what an industrious fellow might attain. The Christmas before, Charlie had received from him the present he had longed for above everything else,—a Shetland pony,—which had been among Mr. Fisher's earlier belongings, and which his strenuous city life made useless to him. Taking all these things into consideration it was not surprising that Charlie looked upon Henry Fisher as the model of upright manhood, and that any swerving from commonly accepted ideals were to be regarded as personal characteristics especially deserving of imitation.

In his busy city life and among his business acquaintances Mr. Fisher was regarded as a man of sterling integrity, whose word was as good as his bond and whose character was without a flaw. To all outward appearances this was true. He had none of the vices or habits so peculiar to city life. No cigar had ever tainted his breath, nor had wine upset his brain. On these subjects he was still true to his early teaching.

His one weakness was to ridicule some religious subjects. Older heads had become familiar with this idiosyncrasy, which is too common on the part of so many, and when Mr. Fisher would bring Jonah or a Bible character into some amusing, every-day topic, they would smile and forget about it the next moment. They did not give it any serious significance, because Henry Fisher was a member of an aristocratic city church. Not so with Charlie Hendricks. Every such laughable allusion on the part of his cousin was taken by him seriously and he considered it a brilliant trait to be able to turn Bible passages into fun making.

At the time of this visit Charlie was reading the Bible through by a daily course and he took special delight in bringing up passages for funny comments, which oftentimes were received by his cousin with laughter, even if his mother frowned and his father looked stern.

The other visitor in the neighborhood, Mr. Hiram Strong, was also from the city. He was an elderly man. His wife was dead and his sons and daughters scattered. He was stopping with his son, George, who had a family of children. Among them was a boy of fourteen, Arthur by name, who had reached the same period as Charlie Hendricks, and was easily led in one direction or the other. Arthur almost worshipped his grandfather, for he not only remembered him with presents, but he took such a lively interest in his little enterprises. It was his grandfather who had given Arthur $1 on his tenth birthday, with the instructions for him to invest it in something and see what he could make of it. It was now the grandfather who went with Arthur about the place, looking after the little pets which had been purchased with the dollar with as much interest as he looked after his own larger investments in the city.

Grandfather Strong, as the friends familiarly called him, was a great lover of the Bible, and nothing pleased him more than to have his grandchildren cluster around him and hear his stories of Bible characters. To Grandfather Strong every story of the Bible was full of sacred significance and he brought out this characteristic in such a way that his grandchildren felt the same reverence for the Bible that he did.

Every day his grandfather was with them Arthur's admiration for him grew by leaps and bounds, until when he left them to return to his office in the city, Arthur was willing to confess that grandfather was his ideal. His father encouraged Arthur in this conviction, telling him how much he loved his sterling Christian character and how he hoped his son would seek the same God his grandfather worshipped.

Charlie Hendricks and Arthur Strong are neighboring boys and spend much time together, but Arthur told his people some days ago that he was becoming disgusted with Charlie's frequent irreverent remarks about the Bible, and I know Charlie's father and mother are much distressed over the subject. There is yet hope that Charlie will change his ideal and not allow his cousin's foolish suggestions to spoil his future life and future hope, but knowing boys as I do, it will be some time before the evil of a few weeks can be entirely undone.

Every man is some boy's hero and he is thus molding the rising generation. If he emphasizes the best, his boy friend will early exhibit those Christian qualities which are so much admired and so influential for good in later life.

A Strange but True Story.

(Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness, in 'Episcopal Recorder.')

A wealthy farmer who cultivated thousands of acres, had by his benevolence endeared himself greatly to his large staff of laborers. He had occasion to leave the country in which his property was situated for some years; but, before doing so, he gave his people clearly to understand that he wished the whole of the cultivated land to be kept in hand, and all the unreclaimed moor and marsh lands to be enclosed and drained and brought into cultivation. Ample resources were left for the execution of these works, and there were sufficient hands to have accomplished the whole within the first few years of the proprietor's absence.

He was detained in the country to which he had been called very many years. Those whom he had left children were men and women when he came back, so the number of his tenantry and laborers had become vastly multiplied. Was the task he had given them to do accomplished? Alas, no. Bog and moor and mountain waste were only wilder and more desolate than ever. Fine rich virgin soil by thousands of acres was bearing only briars and thistles. Meadow after meadow was utterly barren for want of culture. Nay, by far the greater part of the farm seemed never to have been visited by his servants.

Had they been idle? Some had. But large numbers had been industrious enough. They had expended a vast amount of labor, and skilled labor at that, but they had bestowed it all on the park immediately around the house. This had been cultivated to such a pitch that the workmen had scores of times quarrelled among themselves because the operations of one interfered with those of his neighbor.

And a prodigious amount of labor had been lost in sowing the very same patch, for instance, with corn fifty times over in one season, so that the seed never had time to germinate and grow and bear fruit; in caring for the forest trees, as if they had been tender saplings; in manuring the soils already too fat, and watering pastures already too wet.

The farmer was positively astonished at the misplaced ingenuity with which labor and seed and manure, skill and time and strength, had been wasted for no result. The very same amount of toil and capital, expended according to his directions, would have brought the whole demesne into cultivation, and yielded a noble revenue.

Why did these laborers act so absurdly? Did they wish to labor in vain? On the contrary, they were forever craving for fruit, coveting good crops, longing for great results. Did they not wish to carry out the farmer's views about his property? Well, they seemed to have that desire, for they were always reading the directions he wrote. But they did not follow them.

Some few tried and ploughed up a little plot here and there, and sowed corn and other crops. Perhaps these failed, and so the rest got discouraged? Oh, no; they saw that the yield was magnificent; far richer in proportion than they got themselves. They clearly perceived that, but yet they failed to follow a good example. Nay, when the labor of a few in some distant valley had resulted in a crop they were all unable to gather by themselves, the others would not even go and help them to bring home the sheaves! They preferred watching for weeds among the roses, in the overcrowded garden, and counting the blades of grass in the park, and the leaves on the trees.

Then they were fools, surely, not wise men? Traitors, not true servants to their Lord? Ah! I can't tell! You must ask him that! I only know their Master, said, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' and that 1800 years afterwards they had not even mentioned that there was a Gospel to one-half of the world.

A REMARKABLE DEATH.

An old lady of fourscore had been a pillar in the church for more than half a century. She was ever an active, earnest Christian. Her life had been blameless and beautiful. When she had reached the closing period of life she sent for the pastor and his wife.

The wife was first summoned to her room, and she was desired by the venerable woman to talk to her and sing to her. Both requests were complied with.

Then, dismising the pastor's wife with a cheerful farewell, she sent for the pastor. To him she said: 'Will you tell me why I am so nervous? I tremble, and am uneasy, and I cannot control my nerves. Can you explain this?'

'Yes,' said I, 'God is taking down the tabernacle, gradually, a little at a time so that the shock of final dissolution will hardly be noticed.' 'Oh!' said she, 'I am so glad you told me that. It throws much light on the subject. Now,' said she, 'I want you to sing, not too loud, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!"' And as I sang, she kept beating the time with her hand.

The singing concluded she said, 'Now; I want you to pray for me; not loud, nor long. The Lord is not deaf nor distant.' At the conclusion, she said: 'Now you can go. Good-bye,' she said, 'and be sure to meet me in Heaven.'

She died a few hours later, in great peace and joy. The tabernacle was taken down so quietly, that the precise moment of her decease could scarcely be determined.—Omaha 'Christian Advocate.'

GETTING MISSIONARY BOOKS READ.

An Endeavorer from that active society in the West End Presbyterian Church of New York reports excellent results in getting a missionary library read. They have had it a year, and during that time five hundred books have been read. That is, the sixty books that compose the library have been read an aggregate of five hundred times. This meant much individual work, but the society as a result is thoroughly aroused along missionary lines. At one missionary meeting the members were asked to tell about the book that had impressed them most. They responded with enthusiasm, and the meeting could have been prolonged much beyond the closing time. 'Of course,' writes Miss Laura B. Helm, who tells us about it, 'we are going to send out some of our young people as missionaries. Several have already decided the question, though they have not yet made their decision public.'—'C. E. World.'

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Correspondence

FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

Give the name of a young man who had a silver cup belonging to a ruler among his possessions without knowing it. His name begins with B. Where may the story referred to be found?

FOR TEXT HUNTERS.

What all is said in Revelations about overcoming?

SUCCESSFUL SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

(For Bible Character, Gideon.)

B. D. Moulton, 13. Sophia A. Nickerson. Also a very good answer from Wallace Bay, but no name attached.

(For Riddle, Kine.)

B. D. Moulton, Lulu McNaught, 12. Sophia A. Nickerson.

Cobourg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Northern Messenger.' I have been getting it for some time at the Baptist Sunday-school. I live in a nice town called Cobourg, which is situated on the north shore of Lake Ontario. Many Americans summer here during the holidays. I have read several books. Some of them are: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Wide, Wide World,' 'Saved at Sea,' 'Christie's Old Organ,' 'Nothing but Leaves.' I have read many others also. I would like to see a letter in the 'Messenger' from Inos P. Darlington. I think I will close now, thanking you for ever printing such a nice paper.

HILDA M. J. (age 13).

Pettapiece.

Dear Editor,—My mother has taken the 'Messenger' for fifteen years, and I like the letters in it very much. This is the first letter I have ever written to the 'Messenger.' I have not seen any letters from this part. I am a little girl who was born in Manitoba. My birthday is on the seventh of June. I am twelve years old now. I have three sisters and one brother older than I am. I also have two sisters younger. I and my two younger sisters go to school every day, but it is not very far. I am in the fifth book. My father is a farmer; he has 360 acres of land. I often ride horseback after the cows. I like riding horseback very much. We had a big snowstorm on Sept 12, but it is all gone away now. GUSY S.

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HOUSEHOLD.

To Fry Fish in Oil.

Any fish will fry well; a slice of salmon an inch thick, small slices of cod, white fish, whole or filleted, haddock filleted or split open and then sliced, smelts, mackerel split open and sliced, etc., are all excellent. Indeed, this constitutes one of the economics, for by this method of frying fish otherwise rejected as coarse and tasteless can be transformed into a dainty and appetizing dish. Lay the fish on a board, after washing it (the board should have holes in it), sprinkle the fish with salt, and leave for twenty to thirty minutes, then wash off the salt, and dry the fish well in a nice clean cloth, which should be kept for this sole purpose. Now dredge it well all over with fine flour, pass it through beaten egg, have ready on the fire a clean frying pan, in which you have placed sufficient oil to cover the fish liberally; when boiling, lay into the oil as much fish as the pan will conveniently hold, and fry it a delicate golden color on both sides. Drain well by raising the fish out of the oil and letting the latter run off it back into the pan; then lay it on kitchen paper placed on a dish, or, better still, a wire drainer, and let it stand for an hour, after which put it on a clean dish and keep it in the larder for some five or six hours before using it. To test the heat of the oil, before laying the fish into it, throw in a small piece of bread, and if it fizzles up at once the oil is not enough for use. When done with, strain the oil through muslin into a jar and keep for use again, when a little fresh oil should be added to it.—'Catholic News.'

Preparing for the Night.

In view of the sudden emergencies which may burst upon us any night, we should make our preparation with care before we retire. One should know to a certainty where the matches are, and a candle should always be near them. Clothing should be arranged neatly and a wrap of some kind should be in a convenient place. Since fire may arouse a household at midnight and they may have to dress in haste, the heedless young person who leaves clothing where it falls and throws shoes anywhere in a corner or under a bed may have reason to regret his or her lack of sensible preparation for the night season.—Bertha Regnier, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

Do You Know How to Breathe

To one who has really made an effort to learn how to use the breath, and who sees how little this wonderful healer and restorer is understood, it is incomprehensible that many people should regard information on the subject as almost impertinent. Everybody knows and will acknowledge that breathing is a somewhat important part of the human economy; but the implication that he does not do it rightly, is frequently resented. Not long ago, in a little gathering of women, who knew each other well and exchanged confidences with each other whenever they met, an interesting tale was told concerning this matter of breathing. It was so illuminating to all of those present that we pass it on for the benefit of others.

'A good many years ago,' began one of the most vivacious of our number, 'a member of my family was ill. The doctor who treated him said much to him on the subject of breathing: "I was once in a bad way," said the doctor, "from incipient tuberculosis, but I was cured by outdoor air in abundance, and plenty of deep breathing. I was obliged to remain in the city; but I kept myself outdoors at least eight hours each day, and every time I crossed a street I took in a deep breath through my nostrils, keeping my mouth closed. I held the breath until I reached the opposite curbstone, when I expired it slowly. I have been sound and well now for many years—but I still keep up my deep breathing, and it is of the greatest benefit to me."

'We were all so much impressed by what the doctor said, that we resolved to breathe more deeply, but it is a great bother to try to breathe right, and the matter soon slipped from our minds, though no doubt we might have saved ourselves many colds and other lung troubles if we had been willing to regard the doctor's homilies.'—Kate Upson Clark in 'Leslie's Weekly.'

Selected Recipes

Plain biscuits.—To one pound of flour put the yolk of an egg, and milk sufficiently to mix into a stiff paste; knead it very smooth, then roll out thin, cut it in round shapes, prick with a fork and bake them in a slow oven.

Rice Custard.—One cup of the best rice cooked until tender in salted water. Be sure to wash the rice in several waters before you put it on to cook and be sure to have the water boiling hot before you put it in. Use about four cups of water to cook the rice. Three eggs, the whites and the yolks beaten separately, butter the size of an egg, one quart of sweet, fresh milk

not skimmed. Bake until the milk is creamy but not until it separates and is whey.

Molasses Cookies.—Take one cup of New Orleans molasses, half a cup of butter, one egg, two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a cup of sour milk in which you have dissolved an even teaspoonful of soda and a little ground cinnamon and cloves. Add sufficient flour—about a quart—to make a dough stiff enough to roll out rather thin. Keep the dough cold while rolling and cutting and less flour will be required and your cakes will be nicer.

'Rhubarb Meringue' is both dainty and wholesome. For this stew the rhubarb with the necessary sugar and flavoring. Make a custard with the yolks of two eggs and a breakfastcupful of milk. Mix this thoroughly but lightly with the rhubarb, and pour into a pudding-dish. Whip up the whites very stiff, stir in 2 ozs. sifted sugar, and spread on top of rhubarb, etc. Put to set in slow oven. Dust over with pink sugar, and serve hot or cold as preferred.

The Mother's Duty Outside the Home.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, the gifted author and lecturer, in her address upon 'The Mother's World,' says:

'We have grown up with a peculiar idea of woman's duty. That half of the world which we credit with the deepest moral sense has been taught to keep it all at home, and she rears sons with the same idea. Men learn loyalty and comradeship from each other. I admit that the family is the home of all human progress, but the source is not the limit of it. The world belongs to the people in it, and half of the world is composed of women. It it is not a good world, it is just as much her fault as his. You cannot always have your children in the home, then why do not the mothers see that the great world, into which their children have to go, is a safe place for them? You would think yourself guilty of great neglect if your backyard contained anything dangerous to your children's welfare and you did not have it removed.

'How can we make, not my home, but our city, a proper place for the child? By seeing to its schools, its sanitation, its morals. It is the business of all mothers to take care of all children. If women would stand together and work for the good of all, the world would be one hundred percent better.'

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted to foreigners by the Canadian Government, through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Nos. 83,010, Otto Zepf, Montreal, Que., stopper for bottles; 83,027, Wm. Ewart Gladstone, Dunedin, New Zealand, hair pins; 83,068, Alphonse Provost, Tourcoing, France, spring spokes for wheels; 83,183, Summers Brown, London, Eng., rotary stencil printing apparatus; 83,184, Franz Pawel, Hanover, Germany, peripheral structures for wheels; 83,243, Leonard S. van Westrum, Berlin, Germany, method of sprinkling streets and the like; 83,387, Horace Jno. Weeks, Christchurch, New Zealand, stop for windows and doors; 83,435, J. Wilkinson and Wm. P. Thompson, Liverpool, Eng., lighting and heating.

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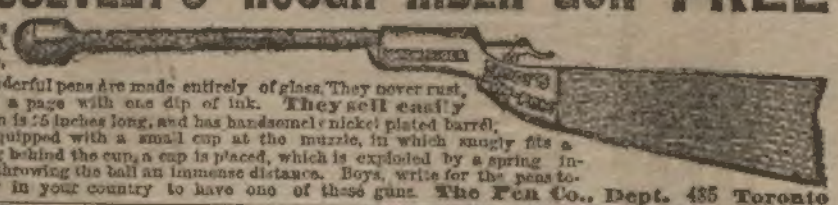

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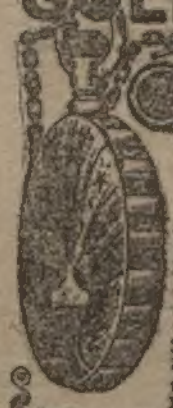

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with polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless wind, imported works, by selling at **10c.** each only **15 Glass Pens.** These pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **postcard** to-day and we will send you the pens postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **Pen Co.,** Dept. 468 Toronto.

FREE MAGIC LANTERN

Just send us your name and address on a Post Card, and we will mail you postpaid, 5 large beautifully colored pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are beautifully finished in 12 different colors, and are well worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c. each, and give a free certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser, return us the money and we will immediately send you this large, well made, finely finished Lantern, with 3 fine focusing lenses, an excellent reflector, and a large lamp which shows a strong, clear, white light, reproducing the pictures in a clear, distinct form on the sheet. With the Lantern we also send 12 beautifully colored slides illustrating about 72 different views, such as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Clown's performances, etc., etc., and full directions. Address, The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 476 Toronto.

LADY'S ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

for selling only 10 large, beautifully Colored Pictures, 16 X 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to the Cross I Cling," at 25 cents each. Every purchaser gets a 50c. certificate free. These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. This dainty and reliable Lady's Watch has Gold hands, fancy dial, is stem wind and set, with jewelled movement and solid silver nickel case with rosey and leaves beautifully enamelled in natural colors. Agnes Patterson, Nanaimo, B.C., writes: "I was delighted to get such a surprise. It was always my ambition to have a watch, but such a little beauty as you sent me took us all by storm. All my companions are going to earn a watch like mine." We want every girl and lady who has not a watch already to write for the Pictures at once. Address, **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 479 Toronto.**

BEAUTIFULLY DRESSED DOLL, FREE!

Girls, send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail you postpaid **Six Large Beautifully Colored Pictures** each 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," representing an angel bending over a cradle containing a sleeping child; "Simply to the Cross I Cling," a beautiful picture showing a woman clinging to the cross, and "The Family Record," a picture that should be in every home, as it provides spaces for writing all the births, marriages, deaths, etc. These pictures are all handsomely finished in 12 colors, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. You sell them for only 25c. and give a free certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser, return us the money and for your trouble we will send you

This Handsome DRESSED DOLL

just imported from Germany, with turning Bisque head, lovely golden curly hair, pearly teeth, natural sleeping blue eyes that open and shut, jointed body, real slippers and stockings, elegantly and stylishly dressed from head to foot with beautiful lace-trimmed underwear, fancy dress and stylish hat. Drucilla Matchett, Keewatin, Ont., writes as follows:—I am very much pleased with my Doll. She is a beauty, and this is what I have written about my Dolly:—

"I am a little girl just nine years old,
My Dolly came from Germany, so I am told,
She has pretty blue eyes and nice flaxen hair.
And I am just in love with her, I do declare.
She's sweet and she's winsome,
She's tall and she's gay.
And with my dear Dolly I just mean to play.
I do love her dearly,
I fondly embrace
My dear little Dolly
With such a sweet face."

Louise Nunn, Hamilton, Ont., said: "I am sorry that I have not written before to acknowledge my beautiful doll, but I like her so much that I cannot leave her to write a note and tell you how pleased I am. All my little girl friends think she is just lovely." And you can have a Dolly just like these little girls are writing about if you will sell only 6 pictures for us at 25c. each. You don't have to pay us a single cent of your own. We allow you to keep out money to pay your postage. Address at once,

THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept 467. TORONTO.

FREE!

Ladies and Girls,
You Can Earn This

Handsome Fur Scarf

In a Few Minutes

SEND your name and address, and we will mail you post paid **8 large beautifully-colored Pictures 16 x 20** inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Simply to Thy Cross I Cling," to sell at 25c. each. We also give a 50c. certificate free to each purchaser. These pictures are handsomely finished in **12 colors**, and could not be bought in any store for less than 50c. each. Every one you offer them to will buy one or more. When sold send us the money, and we will send you this

HANDSOME FUR SCARF

Over 40 inches long, 5 inches wide, made from selected full-furred skins with six fine full black tails, the very latest style. We know you will be more than pleased with it. Miss J. Boekers, Rossenberg, Can., said: "I write to thank you for the handsome fur scarf. It is just beautiful. I could not buy one like it in our store for $3.00." The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $10.00 Fur Scarf. We could not think of giving them for so little, were it not that we had a great number made specially for us during the summer when the furriers were not busy. Ladies and girls, take advantage of this chance and write for the pictures to-day. We guarantee to treat you right, and will allow you to keep out money to pay your postage, so that your Fur Scarf **will not cost you one cent.** Address **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dep. 484 Toronto.**

PICTURES ON CREDIT

—NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you 15 large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept. 408 Toronto.

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 12c., postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401. Toronto.

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